

THE CHRISTIAN SUN.

IN ESSENTIALS, UNITY; IN NON-ESSENTIALS, LIBERTY; IN ALL THINGS, CHARITY.

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CARDINAL PRINCIPLES.

1. The Lord Jesus is the only Head of the church.
2. The name Christian, to the exclusion of all party or sectarian names.
3. The Holy Bible, or the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, a sufficient rule of faith and practice.
4. Christian character, or vital piety, the only test of fellowship or membership.
5. The right of private judgement and the liberty of conscience, the privilege and duty of all.

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IN MEMORIAM.

Rev. Mills B. Barrett.

The death of Rev. M. B. Barrett was announced briefly in the last issue of the *SUN*, as having taken place suddenly at his home in Southampton Co., Va., April 14, 1891, between the hours of 12, and 1, o'clock P. M. We had expected up to this time to have received from Rev. M. W. Butler or Dr. Jones a sketch of Bro. Barrett's life and death, but as it has not come to hand, we will have to use what we have, as follows:

DEAR BRO. BARRETT:—Rev. M. B. Barrett died yesterday at one o'clock. He was as well as usual in the morning and went down to the mill pond to set his nets, returning about nine o'clock as well, seemingly, as ever. At twelve o'clock he fed the horses, and returned to the house complaining of a pain in his arm and breast, though he ate a light dinner. From the dinner table he

went to his chamber and lay down on a blanket on the floor and was resting apparently well, when just before one o'clock his wife observed that in trying to get up, his head suddenly fell, or gave way, when she at once called some one in, but he died in a few minutes. I think he lived from three to five minutes, after his wife found him. Dr. Jones will preach his funeral tomorrow (Thursday) at two o'clock, P. M. His death cast a gloom over the entire community. I will give you the full particulars this week sometime, and get it in shape for the printers. Again our ranks are broken.

M. W. BUTLER.

April 15, 1891.

The Ivor correspondent of the *Suffolk Herald* of last week says:

"Our town was made very gloomy yesterday when the news reached here that Rev. M. B. Barrett had suddenly died at about 12 o'clock, at his residence, three miles from Ivor. Mr. Barrett was here on Sunday and your correspondent had a very pleasant conversation with him, but nothing was heard about his feeling a bit unwell.

Early Tuesday morning he took his fishing nets and went to a pond some little distance from his home and set them. On his return feeling somewhat exhausted, he laid down to rest himself. His wife noticed some change in his countenance, and before she could call in her nearest neighbor, who lived just across the road, death had claimed her loved one for his own.

Mr. Barrett was about sixty-five years of age and was the oldest active minister of the Eastern Virginia Christian Conference, of which body he had on several occasions been president. He was a highly esteemed and zealous Christian worker and an earnest, faithful minister of the gospel, having led many burdened and sin-sick souls to the path of righteousness and peace. He was a loving and devoted husband and father, whose death is sadly mourned by an affectionate wife and several children, besides many other relatives and a host of friends.

The deceased was a Mason and will be buried by that order on Thursday evening from the Christian church of this place, of which he was an earnest, active and devoted member.

Peace to his ashes and the loving care and tender mercies of God to the deeply bereaved family."

We do not wish to speak in advance of the brother who may have been chosen as his biographer, but we may be excused for saying a few words in the way of a general estimate of the man.

He had been in the ministry about forty years, and had served as pastor several of the churches of the Eastern Virginia Conference. He was a good speaker and did much effective work in the pulpit. He was a gifted man and at his best he was an orator of no ordinary ability. While he was never a close student, nature had so lavishly endowed him that he was able to draw attention in almost any assembly as a preacher.

If we mistake not he served as President of the Eastern Virginia Conference for ten years, and in succession, with slight interruptions. He served a longer term as pastor of a single church, perhaps, than any other man in the ministry of his Conference. We believe he was pastor at Barrett's for nearly 30 years and at Mt. Carmel for 20 years, and under his pastoral care the membership reached 259 at Mt. Carmel.

In his earlier ministry he made a tour through several of the Southern States, laboring especially in Georgia. He also preached, if we mistake not, in Wilmington, N. C. Later he went west and at Henry, Ill. his eloquence attracted large crowds and much attention.

In 1882 he attended at Albany, N. Y., the American Christian Convention as a fraternal messenger from the South. He greatly enjoyed these trips and delighted to talk of the incidents, etc., of each occasion.

He occasionally contributed to the columns of the *SUN*. His last article was written only a short while before his death and appeared in the last copy of the paper which he saw. It was a letter addressed to a young preacher, and it is worth a careful reading by all young ministers. His death is a loss to his churches and his Conference. He leaves a wife, and several children (by his first wife, but none by his last wife).

The most tender and sadly beautiful tribute to his memory, was that paid by a lad who was a member of Mt. Carmel church. He met us a few days after Bro. B.'s death and said: "Our pastor is dead, is he?" We said, "Yes, dear boy, he is gone." The little fellow turned off and wept. He grew too full for utterance and at length, with the exchange of a few words, we left him, choked with grief. It is worth living to fill so large a place in such a heart.

The Rev. R. R. Owens, pastor of Colosse Baptist church, (which is located only about two miles from Mt. Carmel Christian church) died the same day. For two churches of different denominations, so near each other, to be bereft of their pastors the same day, by death, is a singular coincidence indeed —Bro. Barrett being taken suddenly and Bro. Owens after only a few days of sickness. Long may their memory be cherished by those whom they so faithfully served as pastors. —Ed. *SUN*.

Religion and Human Progress.

The progress of Christian thought is leading the church to more humane views of the religions of mankind. The better condition of society and the majestic energies of science, now enjoyed and put forth are of no shallow origin.

Religion is the basis of all civilization. The sacred books of the Hindoos preceded all Eastern Indian culture, and the oldest monuments of Egypt were built on the faith that man did not originate from dust. If the "fittest" only "survive," then the literature entering the life-blood of the ages past must be a gleam from the original light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, and the intellectual and oral forces appearing in early civilization come from a celestial origin.

Even the minutest blade of corn that burst through its black covering of earthly mold, is drawn through instinctive impulse toward that sunbeam which God has shot through the unthinkable spaces to call forth and kiss its budding tenderness. And so it is the light of God falling on the human soul which has begotten the age-long and race-wide struggle of humanity toward a higher knowledge—How little good there is of modern civilization that is not of the christian origin.

Free thought is a child of the Protestant reformation. The greatest achievements of science have come since the period that gave us a free Bible, free church, and free school. Bacon, Newton, and Darwin, are the offspring of the reformation. It was Christianity that emancipated the slave, and delivered the woman from oriental seclusion into modern liberty. The church built asylums by the old Roman Coliseum, and it is the spirit which healed the leper, cured the lame, and restored sight to the blind, that fosters the institutions of mercy to-day. Piety laid the foundations of Oxford and Cambridge, and Harvard, Yale and Princeton, and the many institutions of learning throughout civilization. To break the bands that hold men to God, is to open the flood-gates of death. The down-fall of all nationalities may be traced to godlessness. From the tawny drifts covering the sepulchres of the Egyptian kings, from the wolf-haunted wounds of Babylon, from the vanished civilization that once found its cultivating glory in the Athenian Acropolis, as well as from the revolutionary horrors following the dethronement of religion in France, there comes a voice speaking to the unbelief of our times saying, "The nation that will not serve God shall perish."

But we are told that more crimes have been committed in the name of religion than from all other sources. Only the sophist will point to the dark spots which sin has cast on the fair face of religion—for all this boast-

ed iniquity these tortures and inquisitions and other evil fruits are transgressions of the fundamental law of Christianity, which teaches love to God and love to man, even though he be your enemy. We must not forget that the purest stream of divine life has been flowing through the corrupted hearts of men.

If the critics of religion would study the genius of the gospel more, and the weakness of humanity less, they might find a wiser conception of the christian faith. The chemist who explores only a poisoned atmosphere is not likely to understand the properties of air. Religion is the atmosphere of the soul and rather than dispense with it we can well endure the thin air of ritualism, the cold fogs of dogmatical bigotry, and the noxious vapors of cruel superstition. Christianity purified of old time errors will encircle the world in its arms and hold it up before God redeemed and he will pronounce the returning prodigal "good and very good."

W. H. ORR.

Lebanon, Ohio.

What the Bible Says About Forgiving Our Enemies.

The discretion of a man defereth his anger; and it is his glory to pass over a transgression.—Prov. 19:11.

Say not thou, I will recompense evil; but wait on the Lord.—Prov. 20:22.

Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth, and let not thine heart be glad when he stumbleth.—Prov. 24:17.

If thine enemy be hungry give him bread to eat; if he be thirsty, give him water to drink; For thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall reward thee.—Prov. 25:21,22.

Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you.—Matt. 5:44.

When ye stand praying forgive, if ye have aught against any; that your Father also which is in Heaven may forgive you, your trespasses. But if ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses.—Mark 9:25,26.

Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven.—Luke 6:37.

And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.—Eph. 4:32.

Forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any: even as Christ forgave you; so also do ye.—Col. 3:13.

Christ desires us to cultivate the mercy of forgiveness above every other virtue. His Word enjoins it above every other. God forgives that he may teach us the lesson of forgiving love. "Blessed are the merciful for

they shall obtain mercy." Royard says: "To return good for good is human; evil for evil is brutal, evil for good diabolical; good for evil divine. God will give you grace to forgive every enemy if you are willing to do it. Oh! my friend, be willing. For Jesus' sake; for your own sake. The Bible tells no way to reach heaven with "hard feelings" and "old grudges" in your heart. This moment I praise God for grace by which I am able to love my enemies and pray for them. Peace is pleasure. Who will seek it? Who will be a reconciler. Matt. 5:9.

Mean Trickery.

It is a fact that General Sherman received what is called extreme unction, or the sacred anointing with oil of the head, hands, and feet, which a priest accords to dying persons who express a wish to die in the Roman Church. There is, however, no evidence that General Sherman was a Catholic, or that he desired either the presence of the priests or his services. On the contrary, he did not attend the Roman Catholic services, nor had he done so since before the war. Moreover, he emphatically declared himself both as not a Catholic and that it was impossible for him to be a Catholic. At the time of the anointing General Sherman was unconscious and gasping for breath, but the officiating Romanist assures the public that he thought he saw motions on the part of General Sherman that indicated a wish for extreme unction—this, too, when all other evidence goes to show that the great man was unconscious. The fact is, it was well known by the Roman church that the intention of the family was to bury the general beside his wife in the Roman Catholic cemetery of St. Louis; but that was consecrated ground and no man, though the idol of his Nation, dying outside of the Roman church, might be buried therein, and yet for the Roman church to deny burial to General Sherman beside his wife would have evoked the indignant protest of the Nation. The way out of the dilemma was by a surreptitious service, as above detailed. The standing of the hero would justify all of these irregularities, to the Roman mind, but the Protestant will easily recall a very recent refusal of burial in a New York Catholic cemetery, even to a Catholic life long and on his own lot, simply because he had offended the church by attendance on the service of McGlynn and had been therefor excommunicated. Once more the Nation has been dishonored by the tricks of Rome.—*Herald of Gospel Liberty.*

Old age, attended by infirmity and disease, and combined with poverty, without any near and dear friends to extend the helping hand of relief, is really a sad condition for this world. To persons in this situation society ought to extend a generous and cheerful charity. They greatly need it, while they more need that simple and childlike faith in Christ that will enable them to look hopefully upon what awaits them in the life to come.

The Deacon's Week.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

The communion service of January was just over in the church at Sugar Hollow, and people were waiting for Mr. Parkes to give out the hymn, but he did not give it out; he laid down his book on the table and looked about on his church.

He was a man of simplicity and sincerity, fully in earnest to do his Lord's work and to do it with all his might, but he did sometimes feel discouraged. His congregation was a mixture of farmers and mechanics, for Sugar Hollow was cut into by Sugar Brook, a brawling, noisy stream that turned the wheel of many a mill and manufactory, yet on the hills around it there was still a scattered population eating their bread in the full preception of the primeval curse. So he had to contend with the keen brain and skeptical comment of the men who piqued themselves on power to hammer at theological problems as well as hot iron with a jealousy and repulsion and bitter feeling that has bred the communistic hordes abroad and at home; while perhaps, he had a still harder task to awaken the sluggish souls of those who had used their days to struggle with barren hill-side and rock pasture for mere food and clothing, and their nights to sleep the dull sleep of physical fatigue and mental vacuity.

It seemed sometimes to Mr. Parkes that nothing but the trump of Gabriel could arouse his people from their sins and make them believe on the Lord and follow his footsteps. To-day—no—a long time before to-day, he had mused and prayed till an idea took shape in his thought, and now he was to put it in practice; yet he felt peculiarly responsible and solemnized as he looked about him and foreboded the success of his experiment. Then there flashed across him, as words of the Scripture will come back to the habitual Bible reader, the noble utterance of Gamaliel concerning Peter and his brethren when they stood before the counsel: "If this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught, but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it." So with the sense of strength the minister spoke.

"My dear friends," said he, "you all know, though I did not give any notice to that effect, that this is the week of prayer. I have a mind to ask you to make for this once a week of *practice* instead. I think we may discover some things, some of the things of God, in this matter, that a succession of prayer meetings would not perhaps so thoroughly reveal to us. Now when I say this I don't want to have you go home and vaguely endeavor to walk straight in the old way; I want you to take "topics," as they are called for the prayer-meeting. For instance, Monday is prayer for temperance work. Try all that day to be temperate in speech, in act, in

indulgence of any kind that is hurtful to you. The next day is for Sunday-schools; go and visit your scholars, such of you who are teachers, and try to feel that they have living souls to save. Wednesday is a day for fellowship meeting we are cordially invited to attend a union meeting of this sort at Bantam. Few of us can go twenty-five miles to be with our brethren there; let us spend that day in cultivating our brethren here; let us go and see those who have been cold to us for some reason, heal up our branches of friendship, confess our shortcomings one to another, and act as if, in our Master's words, "all ye are brethren."

"Thursday is the day to pray for the family relation; let us each try to be to our families on that day in our measure what the Lord is to His family, the church, remembering the words, 'Fathers, provoke not your children to anger.' 'Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them. These are texts rarely commented upon I have noticed in our conference meetings we are more apt to speak of the obedience due from children, and the submission and meekness our wives owe us, forgetting that duties are always reciprocal.

"Friday, the church is to be prayed for. Let us then, each for himself, try to act that day just as we think Christ, our great Exemplar, would have acted in our places. Let us try to prove to ourselves and the world about us that we have not taken upon us His name lightly or in vain. Saturday is prayer day for the heathen and foreign missions. Brethren, you know, and I know, that there are heathen at our doors here; let every one of you who will take that day to preach the gospel to some one who does not hear it anywhere else. Perhaps you will find work that we know nothing of lying in your midst. And let us all on Saturday evening meet here again and choose some one brother to relate his experience for the week. You who are willing to try this method, please rise."

Everybody rose except old Amos Tucker, who never stirred, though his wife pulled at him and whispered to him imploringly. He only shook his grizzled head and sat immovable.

"Let us sing the doxology," said Mr. Parkes; and it was sung with full fervor. The new idea had roused the church fully; it was something fired and positive to do, it was the leverpoint Archimedes longed for, and each felt ready and strong to move a world.

Saturday night the church assembled again. The cheerful eagerness was gone from their faces; they look down-east, troubled, weary, as the pastor expected. When the box for ballots was passed about, each one tore a bit of paper from the sheet placed in the hymn-books for that purpose, and wrote on it a name. The pastor said,

after he had counted them:

"Deacon Emmons, the lot has fallen on you."

"I'm sorry for't," said the deacon, rising up; and taking off his overcoat. "I ha'n't got the best of records, Mr. Parkes, now I tell ye."

"That isn't what we want," said Mr. Parkes. "We want to know the whole experience of some one among us, and we know you will not tell us either more or less than you did experience."

Deacon Emmons was a short, thickset, man, with a shrewd, kindly face and gray hair, who kept the village store and had a well-earned reputation for honesty.

"Well, brethren," he said, "I done why I shouldn't tell it. I am pretty well ashamed of myself, no doubt, but I ought to be, and maybe I shall profit by what I've found out these six days back. I'll tell you just as it came. Monday I looked about me to begin with. I am fond of coffee, and it ain't good for me. The doctor says it ain't; but, dear me, it does set a man up good. cold mornings, to have a cup of hot, sweet, tasty drink, and I knew it made me what folks call nervous, and I call cross, before night come; and I knew it fetched on spells of low spirits when our folks couldn't get a word out of me—not a good one, anyway; so I thought I'd try on that to begin with. I tell you it came hard! I hankered after that drink of coffee dreadful! Seemed as though I couldn't eat my breakfast without it. I feel to pity a man who loves liquor mor'n I ever did in my life before; but I feel sure they can stop if they try, for I've stopped and I'm goin to stay stopped.

"Well, come to dinner, there was another fight. I do set by pie the most of anything. I was fetched up on pie, as you may say. Our folks always had it three times a day, and the doctor has been talkin' and talkin' to me about eatin' pie. I have the dyspepsia like everything, and it makes me useless by spells and as unreliable as a weather-cock. An Dr. Drake says there won't nothing help me but to diet. I was readin' the Bible that morning while I was waiting for breakfast, for 'twas Monday and wife was kind of set back with washin' and all, and I came across that part where it says that the bodies of Christians are temples of the Holy Ghost. Well, thinks I, we'd ought to take care of'm if they be, and see that they kep' clean and pleasant, like the church, and nobody can be clean nor pleasant that has dyspepsia. But, come to pie, I felt as though I couldn't, and lo ye, I did't! I eat a piece right against my con, science; facin' what I knew I ought to do, I went and done what I ought not to do, I tell ye my conscience made music of me considerable, and I said I wouldn't never sneer at a drinkin' man no more when he slipped up. I'd feel for him, and help him,

for I see just how I was. So that day's practice give out, but it learnt me a good deal more'n I knew before.

"I started out next day to look up my Bible class. They haven't really tended up to Sunday-school as they ought to along back, but I was busy, here and there, andth ere didn't seem to be a real chance to get to it, Well, 'twould take the evenin' to tell it all, but I found one real sick, been abed three weeks, and was so glad to see me that I felt fair ashamed. Seemed as though I heerd the Lord for the first time sayin': 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of these ye did it not to Me.' Then another man's old mother says to me, before he come in from the shed, says she: 'He's been a sayin' that if folks practiced what they preached, you'd ha' come round to look him up before now, but he reckoned you kinder looked down on mill hands. I'm awful glad you come. Brethren, so was I! I tell you that day's work done me good. I got a poor opinion of Josiah Emmons now I tell ye, but I learned more about the Lord's wisdom than a month of Sundays ever showed me."

A smile he could not repress passed over Mr. Parkes' earnest face. The deacon had forgot all external issues in coming so close to the heart of things; but the smile passed as he said:

"Brother Emmons, do you remember what the Master said: 'If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself!'"

"Well, it's so," answered the deacon; "it's so right along. Why I never thought so much of my Bible class nor took no sech int'rest in 'em as I do to-day—not since I begun to teach. I b'lieve they'll come more regular now too."

"Now come fellowship-day. I thought that would be all plain sailin, seemed as though I'd got warmed up till I felt pleasant toward everybody, so I went around seein' folks that was neighbors, and 'twas easy; but when I come home at noon spell, Philbury says, says she: 'Squire Tucker's black bull is into th' orchard a-tearin' around and he's knocked two lenghts of fence down flat!' Well, the old Adam riz up then, you'd better b'lieve. That black bull has been abreakin, into my lots ever since we got in the aftermath, and it's Squire Tucker's fence, and he won't make it bull-strong as he'd oughter and that orchard was a young one jest coming to bear, and all the new wood crisp as cracklins with frost. You'd better b'lieve I didn't have much fellow-feelin' with Amos Tucker. I jest put over to his house and spoke pretty free to him, when he looked up and says, says he: 'Fellowship-meetin day, a'n't it, deacon?' I'd ruther he'd ha' slapped my face. I felt as though I should like to slip behind the door. I see pretty distinct

what sort of life I'd been livin all the years I'd been a professor, when I couldn't hole my tongue and temper one day!"

"Breth-e-ren," interupted a slow, harsh voice, somewhat broken with emotion, "Josiah Emmons came around like a man an' a Christian right there. He asked me to forgive him and not to think 'twas the fault of his religion, because 'twas his'n and nothin' else. I think more of him to-day than I ever done before. I was one that wouldn't say I'd practice with rest of ye. I thought 'twas everlastin' nonsense. I'd rather go to forty-nine prayer-meetings than work at bein' good a week. I b'lieve my hope has been one of them that perish; it han't worked, and I leave it behind to-day. I mean to begin honest, and it was seein' one honest Christian man fetched me round to't."

Amos Tucker sat down and buried his head in his rough hands.

"Bless the Lord!" said the quavering voice of a still older man from a far corner of the house, and many a glistening eye gave silent response.

"Go on, Brother Emmons," said the minister.

"Well, when next day come I got up to make the fire, and my Joe had forgot the kindlins. I'd opened my mouth to give him Jesse, when it come over me sudden that this was the day for the family relation. I thought I wouldn't say nothin'. I jest fetched in the kindlins myself, and when the fire burned up good I called my wife.

"Dear me," says she, "I've got such a headache, Siah, I'll come in a min't. I didn't mind that, for women are always havin' aches, and I was just a goin' to say so, when I remembered the tex' about not bein' bitter against 'em, so I says: 'Philbury, you lay a-bed, I expect Emmy and me can get the vittles to-day. I declare, she turned over and gave me sech a look; why it struck right in. There was my wife, that had worked for and waited on me twenty-odd years, most scar't to death because I spoke kind of feelin' to her. I went out and fetched in the pail o' water she's always drawn herself, and then I milked the cow. When I come in Philbury was up fryin' the potatoes, and the tears a-shinin' on her white face. She didn't say nothin', she's kinder still, but she hadn't no need to. I felt a little meaner'n I did the day before. But 'twant nothin' to my condition when I was goin', towards night, down the sullar stairs for some apples, so's the children could have a roast, and I heard Joe up in the kitchen say to Emmy: 'I do b'lieve, Em, Pa's goin' to die.' 'Why, Josiar Emmons, how you talk!' 'Well, I do; he's so everlastin' pleasant and good-natured I can't but think he's struck with death.' "

"I tell ye, brethren, I set right down on them sullar stairs and cried. I did,

reely. Seemed as though the Lord had turned and looked at me as He did at Peter. Why, there was my own children never see me act real fatherly and pretty in all their lives. I'd growled and scolded and prayed at' em, and tried to fetch 'em up just as the twig is bent the tree is inclined, ye know, but I hadn't never thought that they'd got right and reason to expect I'd do my part as well as they their'n. Seems as though I was findin' out more about Josiar Emmons' short commin's than was real agreeable.

"Come around Friday I got back to the store. I'd kind o' left it to the boys the early part of the week, and things was a little cuterin', but I did have sense enough not to tear-around and use sharp words so much as common. I began to think 'twas getting easy to practice after five days, when in comes Judge Herrick's wife after some curt'in calico. I had a handsome piece, all done off with roses and things, but there was a fault in the weavin'—every now and then a thin streak. She didn't notice it, but was pleased with the figures on it, and said she'd take the whole piece. Well just as I was wrappin' of it up, what Mr. Parkes here said about tryn' to act just as the Lord would in our place, came across me. Why I turned as red as a beet, I know I did. It made me all of a tremble. There was I, a door-keeper in the tents of my God, as David says, really cheatin', and cheatin' a woman. I tell ye, brethren, I was all of a sweat. 'Mis' Herrick,' says I, 'I don't believe you've looked real close at this goods; 'tain't thorough wove,' says I. So she didn't take it; but what fetched me was to think h'w many times I'd done sech mean, unreliable little things to turn a penny, and all the time sayin' and prayin' that I wanted to be like Christ. I kept a trippin' of myself up all day just in the ordinary buisness, and I was a peg lower down when night came then I was Thursday. I'd rather, as far as the hard work is concerned, lay a mile of four-foot stone wall than undertake to do a man's livin' Christian duty for twelve workin' hours; and the heft of that is, it's because I ain't used to it, and I ought to be.

"So this morning came round, and I felt a might more cherk. 'Twas missionary mornin', and seemed as if 'twas a sight easier to preach than to practice. I thought I'd begin to Mis' Vedders. So I put a Testament in my pocket and knocked at her door. Says I, 'Good mornin, ma'am', and then I stopped. words seem to hang somehow. I didn't want to pop right out that I'd come over to try'n convert her folks. I hemmed and swallered a little, and finally I said says I; 'We don't see you to meetin' very frequent, Mis' Vedder.'

"No, you don't!" sez she as quick as a wink. 'I stay to home and mind my business.'

"We should like to hev you come along with us and do ye good," says I, sort of conciliatin'.

"Look a-here, deacon!" she snapped, "I've lived alongside of you fifteen years, and you knowed I never went to meetin'; we ain't a pious lot, and you knowd it; we're poor'n death and uglier'n sin. Jim he drinks and swears, and Malviny dono her letters. She knows a heap she hadn't ought to, besides. Now what are you a-comin' here to-day for, I'd like to know, an' talkin'. I'll come and go jest as I darn please, for all you. Now get out o' this! Why she come at me with a broomstick. There wasn't no need on't; what she said was enough. I hadn't never asked her nor her'n to so much as think of goodness before. Then I went to another place jest like that—I won't call no names—and sure nough there was ten children in rags, the hull on 'em, and the man half drunk. He giv' it to me, too, and I don't wonder. I'd never lift a hand to serve nor to save 'em before in all these years. I'd said considerable about the heathen in foreign parts and give some little to convert 'em, and I had looked right over the heads of them that was next door. Seemed as if I could hear him say: 'These ought ye to have done, and not have left the other undone.' I couldn't face another soul to-day, brethren. I come home, and here I be I've been searched through and through, and found wanting. God be merciful to me a sinner!"

He dropped into a seat, and bowed his head, and many another bent too. It was plain that the deacon's experience was not the only one among the brethren. Mr. Park's rose, and prayed as he had never prayed before; the week of practice had freed his heart too. And it began a memorable year for the church in Sugar Hollow; not a year of excitement or enthusiasm, but one when they heard the Lord saying as to Israel of old; "Go forward," and they obeyed His voice. The Sunday-school flourished, the church services were fully attended, every good thing was helped on its way, and peace reigned in their homes and hearts, imperfect, perhaps, as new grows are, but still an offshoot of the peace past understanding.

And another year they will keep another week of practice by common consent.—*Ex.*

THE PASTORS' PAGE.

"Plan your work, and work your plan"

A Word From Berkly, Va.

DEAR BROTHER BARRETT:—I like the change in the SUN very much; it is more convenient and gives more light. Last week's reading matter was exceptionally good, especially J. O. Atkinson's letter, giving an outline of the work of that noble institution, Elon College. If ever there was a place that the

Christian people should be proud of, it should be Elon College. There is where the Christian church is looking for help. The time has passed for our pulpits to be filled with illiterate men. The people are demanding educated preachers and they are willing to pay their money when such men can be had; and if our conference can't give us such, then we have to look for aid elsewhere. Christians, give your mite to make Elon College a monument to the cause you represent, and the day is not far distant before our churches will be championed by men of education and ability, fully able to cope with men of other denominations and God will bless us. We will be amply rewarded in this life, and receive the crown after we have passed away. God bless the SUN and Elon College.—AMEN. J. A. McC.

March 24, 1891.

Letter From Selma, Ala.

DEAR EDITOR:—I left my home, wife and children at Liberty, N. C., April 2, to be away for 3 or 4 months. I left Greensboro at night and did not see much of the country till I reached Atlanta, Ga. Here I found the most beautiful city in the South. Business is carried on like clock work.

I left Atlanta for Selma Alabama, here I found another beautiful town of some twenty thousand population. Alabama is undoubtedly one of the foremost States in the South, so far as wealth and push and pluck are concerned. These towns remind me of the northern cities—they stir early and late, and I believe they even work on the Lord's day. While sitting in the hotel last Sunday I heard hammers ringing in the shops, and I heard the bells of the milk wagons on the streets. This made me feel like I was not in the right place, but soon I heard the church bells and then I felt like God has a people here. I noticed to-day a church which bears an inscription as follows: "The first Christian church of Selma was erected in 1854." I suppose of course that is a Disciple's church, but it made me think of home—the name has a delightful euphony for my ears. How long will it be, brethren, till we have more Christian churches in Alabama? It seems to me we need churches throughout this great State. I will help the man who will start the work. Now is the time for this great work to move on. Can you tell me why no definite step is taken? I see quite a number have offered (and some of them were liberal offers, too) to aid in putting our missionaries in this grand field. There is something wrong—a slow coach somewhere in our work, or we would have been in the field by this time, after so much talk and so many offers to aid in the effort.

I will write again soon. O. T. HATCH.
Selma, Ala., April 9, 1891.

Windsor, Va., Letter.

Last fourth Sunday found us at Isle of Wight court house. The church there has organized an aid Society, with Mrs. Mollie Whitley president, and Miss Laura Thomas secretary. They are succeeding in collecting means for the erection of their house of worship. The work there is progressing well and they seem determined to succeed. The people are giving liberally. Mr. William Womble—proprietor of the hotel has given us a beautiful lot on which to build. Besides this, he has contributed well to the enterprise.

Bro. A. M. Eley, once a member of the church here, but now a member of the Union Christian church in Norfolk, Va., was here last Wednesday night. He attended our prayer meeting the same night, and gave us a very interesting talk. Come again Bro. E., and help us on the way. It gave his many friends here much joy to know he had become such an active worker in the service of the Lord. May God help him to be eminently useful in Norfolk.

April is the month in which I am holding the quarterly and communion meetings with the churches of my charge. Thus far the meetings have been of a most profitable nature; and it is hoped the others to be held will be even more so. "Communion meetings." What are they? How many of us—preachers—and members commune with our Heavenly Father? How many of us are drawn closer to God by these meetings? How many of us feel that we enjoy more religion by passing through these meetings? How many of us are healing the wounds which sin has made as we engage in these communion meetings?

To the members of my own charge and to all who may read these lines. I exhort you to come to the Fountain of Life to be renovated—to be invigorated by the presence of the Lord. We may preach and hear and wait upon the Lord, and yet the preaching hearing and waiting may not be acceptable with God. Almighty God send us thy Spirit to begin in our lives a deeper work of saving grace.

J. T. KITCHEN.

The second Saturday and Sunday the quarterly and communion service was held with the church at Liberty Spring. Sunday was a delightful day, and a pleasant time was spent in waiting on the Lord. This church has many active workers, and they are making progress in their work. Brother Heele—superintendent of the Sunday-school is moving on successfully—with his work, and we hope that much success will attend his efforts.

Wednesday night, April 14, 1891, at Eure church, I married Mr. H. V. Persons of Windsor, Va., and Miss Lizzie Sparkman, of Gates, N. C. We are glad to welcome her

to our midst in Windsor, Virginia, and hope she will be helpful to us in our church work here.

The 14th of April, the following telegram was received: "Rev. M. B. Barrett is dead — come Thursday and preach his funeral." Rev. Mills B. Barrett is dead. These will be unexpected words to many. He died at his home near Ivor, Southampton county, Va., April 14. I was sadly surprised to receive the news announcing his death, and inviting me to preach his funeral, but on account of a previous engagement in Gates county, N. C. it was impossible for me to comply with the request. Through the blinding tears of sorrow I write the lines to the readers of the SUN. His eloquent voice will be heard no more, it is hushed by death, and he sleeps upon his native soil from all his toil until the resurrection day.

"Servant of God, well done —
Rest from thy loved employ —
The battle's fought the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

J. T. KITCHEN.

April 20, 1891.

From the Virginia Valley.

BRO. BARRETT:—I am happy to report for the SUN the continued prosperity attending my meetings. Began on April 2nd at New Port, continued 10 days and witnessed forty-one happy professions and the same number were added to the church, seventeen were buried with Christ in baptism. Meeting now in progress at this place with a rising interest, and signs of success. Sister Craper is still here though suffering much with the grip. One hundred and forty souls for Christ is the result so far of my labor in this present pastorate. more anon.

Your Bro.,

D. A. BARNEY.

Leaksville. Va. April 13th 1891.

Portland Mich.

Rev S. G. Anderson, pastor of the Baptist church in this village, had a family of eleven, including 8 children and his aged mother. All have been down with the gripe, and the mother aged 91, was buried April 9th. I officiated at the funeral, assisted by the M. E. and Congregational pastors. Also preached for Bro. Anderson, April 5th and 12th. There has been much sickness here of late, but it is abating we think.

It affords me great pleasure to learn through the SUN, the prosperity of our cause in the South.

D. E. MILLARD.

April 15th, 1891.

From Rev. M. W. Butler.

On last Sunday morning at one o'clock, New Lumberton, Sussex county, Va., Miss Bertie Doyle of Barretts Christian church,

peacefully crossed the mystic river and her immortal spirit returned to the God who gave it. Her remains were entered in the family burying ground in Southampton county, on last Monday afternoon. Miss Bertie possessed many excellent traits of character, and was an honest Christian woman. She was a most consistent member of God's church. May many rise up in judgment and call her blessed. She leaves brothers, sisters, and many friends. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

M. W. B.

Waverly, Va. April 6, 1891.

Last Saturday morning near Ivor Va. after several years of suffering, Mrs. Eliza Pittman peacefully passed away in the arms of death. She was a consistent member of the Baptist church. Her funeral was conducted last Sunday afternoon from the old homestead attended by a large crowd of relatives and friends. The funeral discourse was preached by Rev. Mr. Dudley of Richmond College. She lived to the ripened age of 77 years. She leaves two sons and daughters and a large circle of friends. Peace to her freed spirit.

M. W. B.

Waverly, Va. April 6, 1891

Departed Friends.

STEPHEN BRYANT PETTY:—S. B. Petty was born Oct. 11, 1858, and died April 2, 1891. He leaves behind a good father, two excellent brothers and two kind hearted sisters to be benefitted by his honest, conscientious examples thrown across their pathway. His mother died when he was quite a babe, but a loving step mother did well the early training denied, the mother gone to heaven. He was a member of the Christian church at Damascus, Orange Co., N. C., and was always ready to do his full duty along every line of church work. He was equal to the best member in the church. The main thing that gave Bro. Petty so many friends, was his conscientiousness of purpose in all things. Any mistakes that he might have made were of the head and not of the heart.

MRS. SUSAN NEVIL.—Since the March appointment at Damascus Sister Susan Nevil has passed from labor to reward. She professed faith in Christ at the early age of 12 years, and lived a bright Christian to the ripe age of 78 years. She leaves an aged husband and several children to follow on in her pious footsteps. Certainly Damascus church has been called on to put on the garments of mourning. Last summer dear Wellons Stroud was called to heaven, then since Christmas, Sister Endora Lewis was summoned to glory, and now Bro. S. B. Petty, and Sister Nevil, have gone to join the angel band. This line of bright Christians has followed close in the footsteps of Old Uncle Matthew McCauley, one of the oldest members of the church, who last year left the church militant to unite with the church triumphant.

W. G. CLEMENTS.

Christian Rejoicing.

It is preeminently the privilege of the Christian to rejoice.

No one certainly has more to make him glad and happy than the Christian. The religion of Christ is full to the very brim with peace on earth and good will toward men. It has its cheering prospects in time, and is all golden with the promise of eternity.

There are ceaseless causes for rejoicing in all of the high and varied immunites that come of Christ and his gospel.

Some people are under the deluded impression, that the Christian religion leaves a man gloomy and sad.

Not a few have had the idea fixed in their brain that a profession of faith in Christ leaves a man without natural warmth and sunshine.

Perhaps Christians at times have been to blame for this false idea that has so largely gone forth.

Many Christians in their every day life, with long face and with solemn voice give you the impression they are living in the atmosphere of a funeral or a grave yard.

Any thing like a smile would be regarded with holy horror and a good ringing laugh would be looked upon as the most impious profanation.

If there is any thing in this world that ought to put ring and laughter into the soul it is the Christian religion.

There is nothing like Christianity to smooth out the lines in the forehead and put smiles and sunshine into every feature.

One of the great faults of early Puritanism and staid orthodoxy was, they made their religion more of the shade than of the sunshine.

It is well to have a becoming amount of gravity, but it may be a gross error to carry the sad and doleful to an extreme.

God has given us a beautiful world to inhabit. He has surrounded us with many objects of grace and beauty. Nature is all full of animated sparkle. God has put sparkle into every stream and river. He has put song and gladness into each of the feathered tribe of the wild wood.

Each plant, each tree and flower has divinely given to it a ministry of warmth and cheer.

Should man, the noblest work of God, be listless or melancholy? Should he not heartily rejoice in the midst of all that bubbles ever in merriment above him? I firmly believe that God placed man in the world to get the best of sunshine out of it.

It was his great design that we should see in nature and in grace a ceaseless cause to rejoice evermore.

It is no evidence of spiritual worth or of marked piety, that a man moves among his

fellows with his face drawn down to its utmost limit.

Goodness and purity in a man's heart and life, should make his very countenance emit sunbeams, and all of his several movements should say "rejoice evermore."

In the great mission of Christ to earth, warmth and geniality was every where manifest. With all he showed himself social and companionable.

In a friendly spirit, he graces with his presence a marriage feast in Cana of Galilee.

He goes in to the feast of Matthew the publican and reclines at the table.

He make one at the private banquet of Simon the leper. There was so much that was pleasing and winning in his address, that even the little children had confidence to climb up in to his waiting arms. In Christ and in Christianity we cannot see a single thing that should make the Christian gloomy or morose.

Every thing seems to say, "rejoice evermore." Let us be more inclined in our songs of devotion to lay aside the plaintive wailing minous of the past and in their place ring forth the sublime and heart warming hal-lujah meters.

Let every stop in the organ be drawn and let the billows of melody in every accelerated power, break around the great white throne in Heaven.

Whatever you do, O Christian! be bright, be glad, be cheerful.

In every movement, faithfully and truly shows forth to the world the strength and purity of the Christian mission.

Let not the light that is within you be darkness. Let warmth, vivacity and color illuminate all of the movements of the soul. Let us not misrepresent the Christian religion that we profess.

Many times our faces are mantled over in clouds and shadows when they might just as well be filled with sunshine.

A gentleman once traveling on the highway met a ruddy barefoot boy returning home from gathering berries. The following dialogue passed between them. "Sammie, where did you get those nice ripe berries?"

"Over there, sir in the briars."

"Wont your mother be glad to see you come home with such a basketful of nice ripe fruit?"

"Yes sir," said Sammie, "She always seems glad when I hold up the berries and dont tell her anything about the briars in my feet."

Sammie had a worthy view of giving happiness to others.

How much more cheerful would be our lot in life and those about us, if we would only like Sammie, have nothing to say about the thorns and briars in the flesh.

How much better it would be for us to hold up with a glad and thankful heart the

ripe, pleasant fruitage that God has given us. Let us try in the darkest hours to hold up to Christ and Heaven the ripe unfoldings of joy and gladness.

It is a mean and an ignoble life that morbidly fills up the years in pouring out our ceaseless complaints of the briars along the way.

The strongest men, and those who have been the most useful have sought recreation and sunshine.

In order to give an elasticity of spirit and an endurance of temperament, we must change for a season the tread-mill course of life.

We must refresh the pent up soul; we must turn aside for a season in bright and cheering ways.

Thomas Chalmers during, the darkest hours of the free church of Scotland, maintained a hopeful and even a genial disposition. When the woes of the land lay with weight upon his heart and hand, he would say to his children:—"Come let us go out and play ball or fly kite."

The only difficulty in playing was the children could not keep up with their father.

Major Pond on one occasion called at the residence of Henry Ward Beecher. At the time of his call, Mr Beecher was taking his afternoon nap, so Mr Pond passed into the library to wait.

Shortly before the time of an engagement Mr Beecher was sought but could not be found about the house.

Finally Mrs. Beecher caught sight of her husband through the window. There he was in the middle of the street with a crowd of children, a stick was in his mouth with strings attached, and he was prancing up and down and back and forth playing horse with the children.

Luther was accustomed to sport with his children and he delighted to walk in his garden and prune among the vines.

The busy Christ once said to his active apostles: "Come ye apart a while into the desert and rest yourselves."

So have a genial and hopeful temperament, we must cultivate cheerfulness. We must seek the open air; we must exercise and grow physically and mentally strong.

J. W. CARD.
Center Lovell, Maine. April 13, 1891.

Elon College Notes.

Mr. Hibbard of Durham, a landscape gardener, came last week, and is now perfecting arrangements as to the laying off the walks, thinning out the trees and a general dressing up of our campus. The scenery here is fine, and the campus can, with a very little work, be made a thing of beauty.

Nature has well performed her task here,

and it now remains for us to do the rest. The spring has come. The trees and grass are rapidly putting out and no time is to be lost in doing what we are to do for the campus this season. That was an excellent step and showed a manly spirit, when our young men volunteered Saturday morning to work on the campus, and they worked too, and changed in a very short while the appearance of things considerably.

Work on the tower was renewed last week and we sincerely hope that in a very few days that scaffolding, which now surrounds the tower and which so much obstructs the scenery here, will be removed "forever and a day." Thus the work goes on, though slowly, yet every step taken in the right direction leads us that much nearer to completion. Let us have patience. "Learn to labor and to wait." It is said that Rome was not built in a day, and we know many of our modern cities are not. Still they become grand and beautiful. So much for the work on the outside, but what of that within: Our students may answer that when they return to their homes and as they journey through life.

We had a kind of an address on elocution and a somewhat dramatic performance last Friday night by one Prof. Norris, by name, hailing from the state of Georgia. Though portions of his entertainment were enjoyable it was, on the whole, by no means spoken off in the highest of terms.

Mr. W. S. Smith, our depot agent, has opened up a nice hotel about 100 yards from the depot, and is now well prepared to receive and accommodate boarders and visitors.

We return our thanks to Mr. T. J. Clements of Windsor, Va., for a package containing seven volumes for our library.

A church was organized here last evening with several members. The Lord's supper was administered and what a glorious sight that was. Out of as large a body of students as we have collected here, it was remarked that not over a half dozen failed to commune. God be thanked for schools and colleges where moral as well as mental and scientific truths are taught

J. O. ATKINSON.
Elon College, N. C. April 20, '91.

← Queer, Isn't It?

Charity and Children of which Bro. John Mills is editor, and which he publishes in the interest of Thomasville Orphanage, says: "THE CHRISTIAN SUN has reduced its size and increased the number of its pages." That is only half true, for while we have increased the number of pages, we have not reduced the size of the paper. It is the same size paper in a different form. To illustrate: The sheet before was 24x36 inches—864. Now it contains four sheets 12x18 x4 inches—864. Exactly the same size it was before. Will Bro. Mills and all others who have thus misrepresented the SUN be kind enough to correct the mistake. The SUN has not been reduced in size and we are giving more reading now than ever before so far as we remember.

The Christian Sun.

THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1891.

REV. J. PRESSLEY BARRETT, D. D., Editor.

FIELD NOTES.

Help Elon College campus fund—now it is needed. Send to Mrs. W. S. Long, Elon College, N. C.

†††

Rev. C. A. Boone expresses himself as well pleased with the SUN in its new form. Thank you, brother.

†††

We had a pleasant day at Antioch, Isle of Wight Co., Va., last Sabbath. A large congregation and pleasant services.

†††

The Sunday School Conventions in Virginia and North Carolina are to meet this summer, and it strikes us that it is time the Programs should be making up. The work is important and has not had sufficient attention at the hands of our people.

†††

The Wilson Advance comes to us very much improved in appearance, but it says not a word of what has been done, to make the improvement,—so far as we could see. Mr. Wilson is making a good paper. We are always delighted to see a brother bounding up the hillside.

†††

We have received a copy of the Ontario Christian Magazine and Monthly Journal. It is a pamphlet of 12 pages, with cover neatly printed and edited by Eld. J. Garbutt, at Sharon, Ontario, Canada.

We are glad to have even a monthly visitor from our brethren in Canada. It is 50 cts a year. We wish the enterprise great success.

†††

A lady writing to the SUN tells of a public meeting at her church when the claims of the SUN were presented, and she says what she regrets is that notwithstanding several subscribers were obtained, there were three deacons who did not subscribe and do not take it. We will send some marked copies of this week's issue to those deacons, if some body will furnish the names and address, and will mark the two or three pieces in this issue about a deacon's duty and his work. They need to practice some as well as teach.

†††

The Rev. J. A. Speight, formerly on the staff of the Biblical Recorder, has bought the Asheville Baptist and so becomes its owner and editor. He has undertaken a great work and in doing so, assumes heavy

responsibilities. Twelve years of that sort of work has dwarfed our aspirations in that direction, but we wish for Bro. Speight the highest achievement in his arduous labor. He is active—full of energy and the future looks bright. We sincerely trust it may be bright in all that is good for him and the cause he represents.

†††

Mrs. Emily K. Bishop of Dayton, Ohio says: We are in receipt of the SUN in its new dress and think it is a good change, although you may find some, as Elder Coan said some woman wrote when the Herald was changed in form, she said she "did not know what she would do for paper to put on her pantry shelves."

"I often think when I am reading the SUN, and often say to Mr. Bishop, what a good paper it is—it ought to be in every family where there are children, and really the families where there are no children need more its genial rays. I especially like its religious tone. I rise from reading it with a desire for more consecration to the service of God."

"I am very anxious that our people shall become earnest in praying for Missions—then I think it will be easier for them to give to missions"

†††

Rev. D. A. Barney says: I congratulate you on the improvement in the SUN. God give you success and prosperity.

I am pursuing a new and perhaps to many a novel plan. I am making a note of each parishioner I visit, who takes the paper and who does not. Then I also try to find out what paper they do take, number name and character. If I can get around pretty well during our meeting and then make up a summary of the results and lay it before my congregation it will have a good effect, because the character of the books and papers read indicate the character of the reader. How I wish the sermon you preached in West Virginia last August was printed in the SUN. I will not soon forget the text or the sermon—"Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures."

Bro. Barney kindly consented to report weekly briefly from his field. This week we have good news from him. Let it come often and let other pastors do likewise—we wish to fill the Pastor's Page each week with fresh items from the field.

STEWART.—Mr. Charles D. Stewart says in the Century for March, 1891: "There would be more charity if we would learn to remember that a man's faults are simply his virtues carried to excess." Is that statement true? It will bear study. Mr. Stewart also says: "We admire a rascal for what he might have been and hate a fool for what he is." That is another statement well made, and we believe it is true.

The Fife Meeting.

On Sunday, April 12, Mr. W. P. Fife began a series of meetings in this city in the Edenton St. M. E. church, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Peter Bilhorn of Chicago led the singing. We have rarely, if ever, seen greater power in any series of meetings than in this. Very large congregations attend and large numbers, we have no idea how many have made a start in the service of God.

It is not known to many of our readers, perhaps, that only about three years ago Mr. Fife was a drummer and a very wayward character. He was converted under the preaching of the Rev. R. G. Pearson. He went to work at once, and has held many meetings of great power and usefulness, and in the short space of three years, large numbers have been added to the church under his labors.

We have heard many opinions of him, some hate him, some ridicule him, some persecute him, but *many* love him and believe him to be a sincere and devout and faithful servant of Jesus. We confess that we had held off—we did not take to him but little. When he began this meeting we went to hear him. While we could not approve everything he said (and Mr. Fife does not himself, for he knows he makes some mistakes) we confess the more we heard him, the more we wanted to hear him. His sermons on Thursday and Friday mornings were of the finest we ever heard, and divine power was manifested among the people. We have rarely, if at all in a ministry of seventeen years, witnessed such a meeting. The more we saw of him the more he gained upon our confidence, till now we believe that he is a devout servant of God. We believe he could not do the work he does if he had not power with God.

As for others, they can do as to them seems proper, support his work or not, but as for this writer, Bro. Fife has our hearty good will, Christian affection and brotherly sympathy. We bid him God speed so long as he follows Christ, as we believe he is now doing.

Mr. Fife has had some severe disappointments in his Christian life. When he was converted he expected his old associates in sin to ridicule him, but the thought of the sympathy of all Christian people encouraged him. Imagine his surprise, when he saw his old comrades in sin stand off and look at him in astonishment, saying little, while many professing Christians—men and women—to whom he looked for sympathy and encouragement in his new efforts to serve God, not only stood aloof, but actually ridiculed him and said all manner of hard things against him. He said for a while such treatment almost staggered him. He felt if their

conduct was the fruit of Christianity, he did not wish it. Even the persecution of his brethren did not stop him, and now he rejoices in the service of God, and goes right on with his work, not consulting flesh and blood.

That men and women who love the Savior and serve God should thus throw themselves in the way of a new born babe in Christ, is to be deeply deplored. It is quite enough to confound and stagger the faith of young converts. We may not be able to approve of many things in the life of men, even in the actions of young converts, but as older Christians, we might shut our mouths only when we could say something good and so give the young follower of Christ at least a fair chance. Brethren, we ought to do this much.

Balaam's Wish.

"Let me die the death of the righteous," exclaimed Balaam. That is a good wish, but a thought runs along before it as we write, viz: Did Balaam wish to live like the righteous? In many respects he was a servant of God. In others he was self-willed and even stubborn. With this true of him, he still ventured to say, "Let me die the death of the righteous." Very few, if any, of earth's mortals would object to *dying the death of the righteous*, but they do seriously object to *living the life of the righteous*. Balaam put the cart before the horse—for *living* comes before dying. Right living will be followed by right dying. This is a lesson for us all. Balaam-like, we are anxious to die right but we are fearfully careless of living right. It takes more than wishes to prepare the way to Heaven, faithful living service for God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, as the Savior of men, are essential matters in this preparation for the life to come.

For this purpose this life is given us, and with it is given us the law of God, as a school master, to bring us to Christ.

An earnest study of the word of God, a life consecrated to Jesus, in going about doing good, as he did, are parts of the preparation so necessary for present attention on our part.

An ambition to die the death of the righteous is worthy when it is supported by right living.

Brethren, we can not live right and consequently we can not die right if we cling to sin as such. We must surrender—we must not regard with favor sin in our hearts, for if we do, God's ear will be deaf to our prayers and he will declare, I never knew you, depart ye workers of iniquity.

What The Devil Wants.

We are glad to see our contemporary the *News and Observer* of this city making

decided advances in the right direction. Recently it said:

"The devil doesn't want to break up the church. What he wants is to run it."

If this worthy journal never comes nearer falsehood than in that case, then its reputation for veracity will be unsurpassed, for it certainly told the truth that time. We believe the devil will make no attempt at the destruction of the church, provided he be allowed to run it according to his own notions, and he will not run it on any indecent or common plan. He will do the running on a scale—every thing will be "*tony*," but not spiritual—in style but *out of Christ*. It is also most gratifying to us to note the advance the *Observer* has made, for, years ago we should hardly have had from it any such language. We take it that the N. and O. is on the side of the Lord now—we once feared that his sympathies were, to say the least, on the wrong side in many moral questions. However since this declaration we shall look on the right side and expect to see the N. and O. a bold and determined follower of the truth—even against the devil running the church. We are anxious to see many learn much along this line—church members who have spent most of their time so completely under the devil's control that they have almost lost their marks of discipleship.

PERSONALS.

MAPLE.—We should like to know what has become of the Rev. James Maple, D. D., of Milford, N. J.

KLAPP.—Rev. P. T. Klapp and his excellent wife were in the city this week and gave our home a pleasant call.

LONG.—Rev. Byron R. Long of Yellow Springs, Ohio, has been called to Marion, Ind., to succeed the Rev. Dr. McWhinney, resigned.

STALEY.—The Rev. W. W. Staley is this week at Stanfordville, N. Y., in a meeting of the Hyinn Book Committee. It is hoped that the book may soon be in the hands of the printers—it is very much needed.

CLEMENTS.—We had a pleasant call from Rev. W. G. Clements last week. He reports his work as very hopeful, especially at Durham. He came in to attend the funeral services over the remains of the late Gov. Fowle.

HINES.—Rev. H. L. Hines, formerly of Greensboro, has moved to Elon College and has entered college as a student to prepare himself for the work of preaching the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. We wish

him the highest success in his efforts to this end.

TRUMBULL.—On a request from the editor of the SUN, Rev. H. Clay Trumbull, D. D., has presented a set of his published works, consisting of nine volumes, to Elon College. That is very kind, and in behalf of the Trustees, the Faculty and the students, we tender thanks to this beloved brother. Many of his books are out of print and cannot be had at any price. Dr. Trumbull is one of the oldest writers in our country, and we are greatly pleased to have his works in Elon College library where they may bless our young people.

ABBOTT.—Peggy Abbott in a private letter says: "I think you have improved the SUN wonderfully lately. I would not think of doing without it." That is very kind. Now we must place something to the credit of Peggy Abbot. She is a patient woman and has proven it, for she has never scolded the editor one word about making her charge such an ugly thing against Dr. Jones in the SUN of March 12, and we think any lady who could stand that is not only sensible, but bravely patient. We wish many more such among our friends.

FOSTER.—The Rev. J. J. Summerbell, D. D., Secretary of the American Christian Convention, says the work done by Rev. J. L. Foster, Secretary of the North Carolina and Virginia Christian Conference in preparing the statistics of that body for the census was the finest piece of that class of work ever sent to his office. We congratulate Bro. Foster on gaining such a distinction as a secretary, and it is a distinction when you remember that Dr. Summerbell has the work of nearly one hundred secretaries to come under his eye for inspection.

MANNING.—Bro. John W. Manning says: *Facing the Truth* is still at work. A few days ago one of my school girls, a very bright young lady, a member of the Baptist church was reading it, and when she got to the point where Iola was hitting close communion and substantiating each point with scripture, she raised her eyes inquiringly and thoughtfully said: "Is there no scripture in favor of close communion?" I said to her: "You are advocating that side and you ought to be able to say if there is." She said she was going to hunt them up. We hope she will report the results of the search she is making to Bro. Manning and that he will send them to us forthwith, for we want to see one passage of scripture in favor of close communion, that is, we want to see it if there be such a passage. We do not believe that she will find a single one.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:—Please be patient. Some of your letters cannot get in this week, because we have so many, but we hope soon to catch up.

I want to give you a lesson this morning on temperance, or rather on "Intemperance." Do you know what is in a barrel of whiskey? Well, I want you to commit to memory the following and never forget it.

A BARREL OF WHISKEY.

A barrel of headaches, of heartaches, of woes;
A barrel of curses, a barrel of woes;
A barrel of tears from a world-weary wife;
A barrel of sorrow a barrel of strife;
A barrel of all unavailing regret;
A barrel of eares and a barrel of debt;
A barrel of crime and a barrel of pain;
A barrel of hope ever blasted and vain;
A barrel of falsehood, a barrel of cries
That falls from the maniac's lips as he dies;
A barrel of agony, heavy and dull;
A barrel of poison—of this nearly full;
A barrel of liquid damnation that fires
The brain of the fool who believes it inspires;
A barrel of poverty, ruin and blight;
A barrel of terrors that grow with the night;
A barrel of hunger, a barrel of groans;
A barrel of orphans' most pitiful moans;
A barrel of serpents that hiss as they pass
From the beau on the liquor that glows in the glass.

Isn't that awful? Would you, could you, as noble boys and girls have anything to do with whiskey. Never touch it—taste it not—handle it not.

Fondly,

UNCLE BARRY.

HAW RIVER, N. C. March 21, 1891.

DEAR UNCLE BARRY:—I thought I would write to the BAND. I am a little boy ten years of age. I love to read the little cousins letters and hope they will admit me into their BAND. I will ask a question: Where is the word egg first mentioned in the Bible. I send five cents for the Band. I will close with much love to the little cousins.

Your nephew,

NEWTON ALLEN.

WINDSOR, VA., March 21, 1891.

DEAR UNCLE BARRY:—As I have not written in some time I will do so. My school closed yesterday, and I will have more time for writing to the Corner. I am so glad to see so many nice letters in the SUN for the last week or two. I hope the cousins will continue writing. I like the change of the paper very much. I will close by asking a question. How many Camels had Job? I send one dime to the BAND. With much love to Aunt Minnie, Uncle Barry, the cousins and best wishes for the BAND.

Your loving niece,

NAOMI ELEY.

BIG FALLS, N. C., March 22, 1891.

DEAR UNCLE BARRY:—I will write to the BAND again as I haven't written in some time. I like very much to read the letters. I hope to see lots of letters in the next weeks SUN. I am still going to school, it will close the last of April. My little brothers have both been sick with cold, and my dear little baby brother had a spasm last Sunday. It is so frightening to see the dear little fellow have spasms.

Uncle Barry, pray for the dear little boy that he may never have another one. I hope dear little Addie's health is better. I send half dime for the BAND, love to you and Aunt Minnie.

Your little niece,

BESSIE M. RONEY.

TOWN POINT, Va., March 31, 1891.

DEAR UNCLE BARRY:—As I have never written for the SUN, I thought I would write this morning. I am only seven years old and cannot write myself, so I got my older sister to write for me. I just commenced going to school this session and I like to go very much. I am in the first reader. I will answer Willie Staley's question: The shortest verse in the Bible is, "Jesus wept." It is found in John the 11th chapter, 35th verse. I will ask the cousins a question: On the gates and foundations of what city are the names of the twelve apostles? Answer: New Jerusalem. Rev. xxi. 12-24. Enclosed you will find five cents for the Band. I hope it will do some good. Give my love to little Addie. I hope she is better.

Your little niece,

LIBBIE WINNER.

CORAPEAKE, N. C., March 27, 1891.

DEAR UNCLE BARRY:—As I was sick to-day and could not go to school, I thought I would write to you and the cousins. I havn't missed a day before yesterday and to-day this session. I have been so busy with my studies, that is why I have been silent so long. I love to go to school and learn my lessons well. We will get our reports to-day, and I will get one hundred on spelling, as I haven't missed any words. We all love our teacher. I like the new SUN, it is so nice with your sweet letters and good words of encouragement to all. I am sorry to know little Addie is not well yet. I hope she is better now. I hope to see many nice letters in the next SUN, I love to read them. I will try to write oftener in the future than I have in the past. I will close with much love to Aunt Minnie, little Addie and the cousins.

Your little Niece,

MINNIE H. BRINKLEY.

CORAPEAKE, N. C., March 31, 1891.

DEAR UNCLE BARRY:—As it is holiday this week with us, I thought I would write to the corner. I am glad to see the cousins becoming interested again, and have so many nice letters in the SUN. I like the new SUN ever so much and Uncle Millard's sweet verses, they are grand. I will tell you about my mission hen, she has just come off with eighteen little chickens. I hope I shall have good luck with them all and be able to send you a good little sum of money. We got our reports last Friday, mine was very good, I got one hundred on spelling and ninety-eight on Geography and Arithmetic. I shall be so sorry when school closes. We have one more month to go. I will close with much love to you, little Addie, Aunt Minnie and the cousins. Enclosed find ten cents for the BAND.

Your little niece,

MATTIE BRINKLEY.

STEBBINS, Va., March, 20, 1891.

DEAR UNCLE BARRY:—I will now try to write to the Corner as it has been a long time since I last wrote. I hope the corner will not think that I have forgotten it, for I have not, the reason that I haven't written sooner is that I have been so busy going to school,

and you know that a school girl hasn't much time to write. Our protracted meeting was in February, we had a splendid meeting. I was so sorry that it could not go on longer. I like the new SUN splendid, and hope the cousins will try and make their corner as interesting as possible. I will try. Who will help me? I will answer Pattie Newman's question. What was peculiar about building the Temple, was that neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron was heard in the house. Am I correct? I will ask the little cousins a question. Where is fryingpan first mentioned in the Bible? I will close with much love to Aunt Minnie and little Addie.

As ever your loving niece,

LIZZIE PIERCE.

My Trip to Zion.

On the fifth Sunday in March I met the dear old congregation at Zion at the dedication of their new church building. This opportunity afforded me a very great pleasure. I had served this church as pastor 8 years, and during this time I saw the prosperity of the Lord's cause here. We conducted several gracious revivals during those 8 years with this dear congregation and especially remember the last one at which some 50 professed faith in Christ and I think about 47 joining the church. But since I served them as pastor many changes have taken place, some pleasant and some sad ones. Many have passed to the grave, and among that number were Sisters Ledbetter, Spivey and Harington. And I want to mention two of the pleasant changes, first, many of the children have grown up and become members of the church; second, this congregation has honored the Lord with a new and handsome house of worship. Our dear brother, J. D. Wicker, deserves a great deal of credit for his perseverance and the successful manner in which he conducted this congregation in the prosecution of their new building, as well as for the heavy sacrifices he made which were unequalled by any other member of this church. I congratulate them upon their success and pray that the "glory of this latter house may be greater than the former." On this dedication occasion the congregation was very large, and the day was as fine as I ever saw. Bro J. W. Holt is pastor of this church now, and is much beloved: may the good Lord bless and prosper his labors with this people.

I had the pleasure of spending two nights with brother J. D. Wicker and his excellent wife.

P. T. KLAPP

Yonugsville, N. C. April 11 1891.

Notice.

We, your committee appointed to select place for holding next District meeting, beg leave to report that said meeting for this District will meet at Long's Chapel on Saturday before the fifth Sunday in May.

P. H. FLEMING, Chairman.

Married.

April 13th, 1891, by P. H. Fleming, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. John W. Johnston and Miss Virginia G. Hall, both of Alamance Co., N. C., May happiness attend their pathway.

Died.

At the residence of his son J. H. Harris, on April 6, 1891, ANDERSON HARRIS, who was well stricken in years and had been a consistent member of the christian church at Pope's Chapel for many years. He fell from his chair in the early morning and died in an hour or two. He was in his usual health to that time. A large number of persons attended the funeral services over his remains.

J. W. WELLONS.

The home of Frank and Jennie Brantom, near Corapeake, Yates Co., N. C., was left destitute of one of its brightest joys April 9, 1891, when the angel of death came and took away little AMANDA, their only daughter, age 2 years, 1 month and 2 days. Never before had her parents such sorrow, but they weep not in vain. God knows best, He is too wise to err, too good to be unkind. Her sufferings were intense, having had the bronchitis. She was sick only a few days. In her last moments she would call her mamma and papa and say—"bye papa, bye, mamma." She was indeed a very bright child, too pure for this world of trouble. God has taken her to eternal rest. Weep not, dear parents, but strive to live so that you may have the "blessed assurance" of meeting little AMANDA, on the bright and happy shore of the beautiful land of the blest, where "there is no death."

MATTIE EURE.

Nothing but actual use can suitably impress the student with the extraordinary value of Lange's Commentary. Those who have joined Dr. Lange in this great work seem to have caught his suggestive spirit, and have succeeded marvellously in bringing forth the unsearchable riches. Unto God would we give the praise for such glowing monuments as this, to the inexhaustible richness of His own Holy Word.—*N. Y. Observer*.

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BEGINNING

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All goods left from the season, without reserve, will be reduced to prices which will not fail to move them in the very limited time allotted for this sale. We like occasionally to give those a chance who lay up hard cash until they see *Big Discounts in Prices!* To this class we promise a harvest. The fact is we have the largest ever offered by us at any previous closing out sale. We have too many goods; cannot carry them over to another season; they must be closed if desirable stuff and cut prices will accomplish this end. Many of these are staple goods, which are as seasonable for Spring as for present use.

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Permit us to add that, as we conduct these sweeping-out sales at least twice each year, you are not in danger of getting old, shop-worn stock.

Promising bargains to all who honor us with their presence, we are,

Yours very truly,

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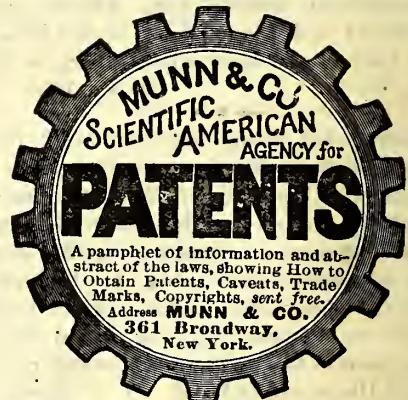
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JOHN SAUL,
Washington, D. C.

What the Deacon Said.

"Yes," said the deacon, "there's many a man that calls himself honest that's never so much as inquired what amount of debts Heaven's books are going to show against him. I've learned that. There were years in my life when I hardly gave a cent to the Lord without begrudging it, and I've wondered since what I'd ever have talked about, if I'd gone to Heaven in those days, for I couldn't talk about anything but bargains and money-getting here and these wouldn't have been suitable subjects up yonder."

"Well, in those years I was telling you about, it was dreadful how I cheated the Lord out of his due. Once in a long time I paid a little to our church, but I didn't give a cent to anything else. Foreign Mission Sunday was my rheumatiz day, reg'lar, and I didn't get to church. Home Mission day was headache day with me allers, and I stayed away from meetin'. Bible Society day I'd gen'rally a tech of neuralgia, so I didn't feel like going out, and I stayed at home. Tract Society day I'd begin to be afraid I was going to be deaf, and oughtn' to be out in the wind, so I stayed indoors; and on the Sunday for helping the Publication Society, like as not my corns were unusually troublesome, and I didn't feel able to get out."

"Wife wanted me to take a religious paper once, but I wouldn't hear to't. Told her that was nonsense. I didn't believe any of the apostles ever took religious papers. The Bible was enough for them, and it ought to be for other folks."

"And yet I never even thought I wasn't doin' right. I'd come into it sort of gradual, and didn't think much about giving, anyhow, except as a sort of losing business."

"Well, my little girl Nannie was about eight years old then, and I was dreadful proud of her, for she was a smart little thing. One Sunday night we were sitting by the fire and Nannie'd been saying her catechism, and by and by she got kinder quiet and sober, and all of a sudden she turned to me, and says she, 'Pa, will we have to pay any rent in heaven?'

"'What?' says I, looking down at her, kind of astonished like.

"'Will we have to pay rent in heav'en?' says she again.

"'Why, no, says I. 'What made you think that?'

"Well, I couldn't get out of her for a time what she did mean. Nannie didn't know much about rent, anyhow, for we'd never had to pay any, living in our own house. But at last I found out that she'd heard some men talking about me, and one of them said, 'Well, he's bound to be awful poor in the next world I reckon. There isn't much of his riches laid up in Heaven.' And as the

only real poor folks Nannie'd ever known were some folks down at the village that had been turned out of doors because they couldn't pay their rent, that's what put it into Nannie's head that may be that I'd have to pay rent in Heaven.

"Well, wife went on and talked to Nannie and explained to her about the 'many mansions' in our 'Fathers' house,' you know, but I didn't listen much. I was mad to think that Seth Brown dared to talk about me in that way—right before Nannie too

"I fixed up some pretty sharp things to say to Seth the next time I met him, and I wasn't very sorry to see him the next day in his cart. I began at him right off. He listened at every thing I sputtered out, and then he said, 'Well deacon, if you think the bank of Heaven's got anything in it for you, I'm glad of it; but I've never seen you making deposits,' and then he drove off.

"Well, I walked over to my blackberry patch and sit down and thought, and the more I thought the worse I felt. I was angry at first, but I got cooler, and I thought of Foreign Mission Sunday and the rheumatiz, and the Home Mission Sunday and the headache, and Bible Society day and the neuralgia, and Tract day and the corns, till it just seemed to me I couldn't stand it any longer, and I knelt down there in the blackberry patch, and said, 'O Lord, I've been a stingy man, if ever there was one, and if I do get to heaven I deserve to have to pay rent, sure enough. Help me to give myself, and what ever I've got back to thee.'

"And I believe he's helped me ever since. 'Twas pretty hard work at first, getting to giving. I did feel pretty sore over the first dollar I slipped into the collection plate, but I've learned better now, and I mean to keep on giving 'as unto the Lord' till I go to that Heaven where Nannie's been these twenty years."—From a leaflet published by the American Home Mission Society.

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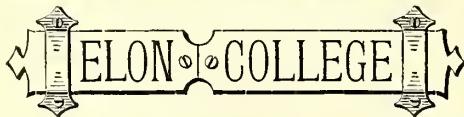
How Little to Give.

How little it is to give! It is, in appearance, only a little tenderness in the voice that spirit that needs it recognizes, though it could hardly tell how it recognized it. It is simply that the soul shows herself for a moment at her window; and the wayfarer looks, and by a sudden recognition sees her there, and knows that it is her care for him that brought her there. It is only a something, we hardly know what, in the grasp of the hand, an electric thrill that shows that it is no mere formality, but that it is a touch of life—that the hand is warm from the heart. This is all it is to give. But what is it to receive? It is often nothing less than a new life. Here is a poor, suffering, soul that feels itself cut off from the common joys and the necessities of common life seem not for it. It seems to itself like one shivering apart, while the merry groups of happier ones rejoice in the warm sunlight, and in the play of free and kindly intercourse. But when this solitary soul meets the touch or the look of sympathy, its isolation is over; it is by this drawn into the common circle of humanity. The common brotherhood reaches it also.

Perhaps this lonely soul had felt itself forgotten even by God. Perhaps it saw no sign that he still remembered it. But by this greeting of hearty interest—by this touch of feeling, of compassion, of fellowship—it is as if God himself spoke to it. It is as he had sent one of his angels to speak to it good cheer; for if one of his children cares for it and loves it, it feels that the Father himself cannot have forgotten it.

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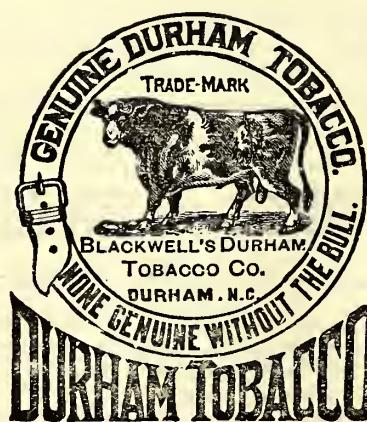
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The Christian Sun.

111

RALEIGH AND GASTON RAILROAD
in effect Sunday, Dec. 7, 1890.

TRAINS MOVING NORTH.

34 38

Pass. Pas. and Mail.

Daily. Daily ex. Sund.

Leave Raleigh,	5 00 p m	11 25 a m
Mill Brook,	5 15	11 41
Wake,	5 39	12 05
Fra. Clinton,	6 01	12 26
Kittrell,	6 19	12 44
Henderson,	6 36	1 00
Warren Plains,	7 14	1 39
Macon,	7 22	1 46
Arrive Weldon,	8 30	2 45 p m

TRAINS MOVING SOUTH.

41 45

Pass. and Mail.

Daily ex. Sun.

Leave Weidon,	12 15 p m	6 00 a m
Macon,	1 13	7 06
Warren Plains,	1 20 p m	7 15
Henderson,	2 22	7 53
Kittrell,	2 39	8 11
Franklin,ton,	2 56	8 29
Wake,	3 17	8 50
Mill Brook,	3 40	9 15
Arrive Raleigh,	3 55	9 30

LOUISBURG RAILROAD

Leaves Louisburg at 7.35 a.m., 2.00 p.m.
Arr. at Franklinton at 8.10 a.m., 2.35 p.m.
Lv. Franklinton at 12.30 p.m., 6.05 p.m.
Arr. at Louisburg at 1.05 p.m., 6.40 p.m.

JOHN C. WINGER, Gen'l Manager.

Wm. Smith, Superintendent

RALEIGH AND AUGUSTA AIR-LINE
In effect 9 a.m. Sunday, Dec. 7,
1890

Going South.

NO. 41	NO. 5
Passenger & Mail.	Freight & Passenger

Leave Raleigh	4 00 p m	8 35 a m
Gary,	4 19	9 20
Merry Oaks,	4 54	11 28
Moncure,	5 05	12 10 p m
Sanford,	5 23	2 10
Cameron,	5 54	4 20
Southern Pines,	6 21	5 35
Arrive Hamlet,	7 20 p m	8 10 p m
Leave " "	7 40 p m	
" Ghio	7 59 p m	
Arrive Gibson	8 15 p m	

Going North.

NO. 38	NO. 4.
Passenger & Mail.	Freight & Passenger

Leave Gibson	7 00 a m	a m
Leave Ghio,	7 18	
Arrive Hamlet,	7 38	
Leave "	8 00	5 00
Southern Pines,	8 58	7 40
Cameron,	9 26	9 31
Sanford,	9 52	10 55
Moncure,	10 16	12 10 p m
Merry Oaks,	10 26	12 50
Cary,	11 01	2 45
Arrive Raleigh,	11 20 a m	3 20

PITTSBORO ROAD.

Lv. Pittsboro at 9.10 a.m., 4:00 p.m.
arr at Moncure at 9.55 a.m., 4.45 p.m.
Lv. Moncure at 10.25 a.m., 5.10 p.m.
arr at Pittsboro at 11 10 a.m., 5.55 p.m.

CARTHAGE RAILROAD.

Lv. Carthage at 8.00 a.m. 3.45 p.m.
arr at Cameron at 8.35 a.m. 4.20 p.m.
Lv. Cameron at 9.35 a.m. 6.00 p.m.
arr at Carthage at 10.10 a.m. 6.35 p.m.

Richmond and Danville Railroad Company.

Condensed Schedule.

In Effect March 29th, 1891.

DAILY

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 9.	No. 11.
--------	---------

Lv. Richmond,	a1 00 p m	a2 55 a m
" Burkeville,	2 59 p m	4 53 a m
" Keysville,	3 42 p m	5 31 a m
Ar. Danville,	6 16 p m	8 00 a m
" Greensboro,	8 25 p m	10 10 a m

Lv. Goldsboro,	a2 35 p m	†4 30 p m
Ar. Raleigh,	2 32 p m	7 45 p m

Lv. Raleigh,	a4 37 p m	a1 00 a m
Ar. Durham,	5 43 p m	3 02 a m
" Greensboro.	8 05 p m	7 20 a m

Lv. Winston-Salem,	†6 30 p m	a7 30 a m
" Greensboro,	8 35 p m	a10 18 a m

Ar. Salisbury,	16 24 a m	11 57 p m
" Statesville,	a12 35 a m	a12 57 p m
" Asheville,	5 55 a m	5 38 p m
" Hot Spring,	8 32 p m	7 20 p m

Lv. Salisbury,	a10 32 p m	a11 03 p m
Ar. Charlotte,	12 09 p m	1 30 p m
" Spartanburg,	3 20 a m	4 32 p m
" Greenville,	4 26 a m	5 50 p m
" Atlanta,	9 00 a m	11 30 p m

Lv. Charlotte,	a12 15 p m	a1 45 p m
Ar. Columbia,	4 40 a m	5 50 p m
Ar. Augusta,	8 15 a m	9 30 p m

DAILY.

NORTH BOUND.

No. 10.	No. 12.
---------	---------

Lv. Augusta,	a9 30 p m	a10 45 a m
" Columbia,	12 20 a m	2 00 p m
Ar. Charlotte,	4 30 a m	6 30 p m

Lv. Atlanta,	a6 00 p m	a7 10 a m
Ar. Charlotte,	5 10 a m	6 40 p m
" Salisbury,	6 52 a m	8 35 p m

Lv. Hot Springs	a11 32 p m	a12 27 p m
" Asheville,	1 04 a m	2 19 p m
" Statesville,	5 26 a m	6 33 p m
Ar. Salisbury,	6 20 a m	7 25 p m

Lv. Salisbury,	a7 05 a m	a8 43 p m
Ar. Greensboro,	8 50 a m	10 30 p m

" Winston-Salem, a11 30 a m †12 10 a m

Lv. Greensboro,	a10 20 a m	a11 30 p m
Ar. Durham,	12 28 p m	5 00 a m
" Raleigh,	1 28 p m	7 45 a m

Lv. Raleigh,	a1 33 p m	†9 00 a m
Ar. Goldsboro,	3 10 p m	12 50 p m

Lv. Greensboro,	a8 58 a m	a10 40 p m
Ar. Danville,	10 41 a m	10 25 a m
" Keysville,	1 32 p m	3 23 a m
" Burkeville,	2 15 p m	4 06 a m
" Richmond,	4 10 p m	6 05 a m

BETWEEN

West Point, Richmond & Raleigh.

Via Keysville, Oxford, and Durham.

15 and 14. STATION# 16 and 13

*7 50 a m Lv...	West Point....Ar	6 00 p m
9 15 a m Ar...	Richmond....Lr	14 40 p m
10 35 a m Lv...	Richmond....Ar	4 35 p m
12 45 p m ...	Burkeville ...	2 45 p m
1 45 p m ... Keysville....	"	2 00 p m
2 22 p m ... Chase City."	"	12 24 p m
2 57 p m ... Clarksville..."	"	11 47 a m
3 49 p m Ar....Oxford ...Lv.	"	a10 40 a m

4 15 p m Lv...Oxford....Ar 10 15 a m

5 20 p m "....Henderson." *9 30 a m

3 54 p m Lv....Oxford.....Ar. 10 52 a m

6 53 p m Ar....Raleigh.....Lv. a8 15 a m

† Daily except Sunday. a or *Daily.

Washington and Southwestern Vestibuled Limited operated be'ween Washington and Atlanta daily, leaves Washington 11.10 a.m., Danville 7.25 p.m., Greensboro 8.50 p.m., Salisbury 10.20 p.m., Charlotte 11.40 p.m., arrives Atlanta 7.20 a.m., returning, leave Atlanta 11.10 a.m., Charlotte 7.05 p.m., Salisbury 8.20 p.m., Greensboro 9.45 p.m.; arrives Danville 11.05 p.m., Lynchburg 1.30 a.m., Washington 6.53 a.m.

Additional train leaves Oxford daily except Sunday 11.05 a.m., arrive Henderson 12.05 p.m., returning, leave Henderson 2.15 p.m. daily except Sunday, arrive Oxford 3 15 p.m.

No. 9, leaving Goldsboro 12.15 p.m. and Raleigh 4.15 p.m. daily, makes connection at Durham with No. 40, leaving at 5.35 p.m. daily, except Monday for Oxford, Henderson, and all points on O. & H., O. & C. and R. & M. Roads.

Passenger coaches run through between West Point and Raleigh, via Keysville, on Nos. 15 and 14, and 16 and 13.

Nos. 9 and 10 connect at Richmond from and to West Point and Baltimore daily except Sunday.

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On Trains 9 and 10, Pullman Buffet Sleeper between Atlanta and New York, Danville and Augusta, and Greensboro, via Asheville, to Knoxville, Tenn.

On 11 and 12, Pullman Buffet Sleeper between Washington and New Orleans, via Montgomery, and between Washington and Birmingham, Ala., Richmond and Danville, Raleigh and Greensboro, and between Washington and Augusta, and Pullman Buffet Sleepers between Washington and Hot Springs via Asheville.

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Mrs. E. B. OSBORN, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Died.

GARLNAD HAROLD HAYES, infant son of Jas. H. and Sallie C. Hayes, died April 12, 1891, after an illness of four weeks. He was taken with whooping cough, and after a few days it assumed a bronchial form and terminated in meningoitis. The death angel seeing a garland of flowers ready to be gathered plucked them while yet in their freshness and beauty, and bore them away to decorate the mansion that has been prepared for the grief-stricken parents and loved ones left behind. May the tender ties that were broken on earth be re-united in Heaven, is the wish of

A FRIEND.

At her residence in Moore Co., N. C., Feb'y 23, 1891, Mrs. MARTHA McCUALEY, wife of S. C. McCauley. Sister McCauley was about 72 years old, had been a member of the church at Moore Union for fifty years, at the time of her death she was the oldest member. The church has sustained a great loss in her death. She had been in feeble health for a number of years and for the last three years had been confined to her home the most of the time. She bore her afflictions with much patience and resignation. She leaves a devoted husband and four daughters, with a host of relatives and friends to mourn their loss. Four Children had preceded her to the better land, they having died in infancy. Half of the family have crossed the river and are waiting on the other shore. May those left behind be sustained by divine grace and remain faithful until they are called to follow, so that when they shall have been summoned they may meet the loved ones gone before.

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Special Notices.

From the Tar Heel Country.

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Let quality not quantity, be the test of a medicine. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the concentrated extract of the best and purest ingredients. Medical men everywhere recommend medicine in the market.

The great majority of so call'd cough cures do little more than impair the digestive functions and create bile. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, on the contrary, while it cures the cough, does not interfere with the functions of either stomach or liver.

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\$200,	\$250,
\$300,	\$400,
\$500,	\$700,
\$1,000.	

ORGANS

\$35,	\$50,
\$60,	\$65,
\$75,	\$85,
\$100,	\$125.

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RED RUGGED HANDS
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Absolutely pure, delicately medicated, exquisitely perfumed, Cuticura Soap produces the whitest, clearest skin and softest hands and prevents inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of pimples, blackheads and most complexional difficulties while it admits of no comparison with other skin soaps and rivals in delicacy the most noted nursery soaps. Sale greater than the combined sales of all other skin soaps. Price 25c.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

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Aching sides and back, weak kidneys, and rheumatism relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-pain Plaster. 22c.

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